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ITALY,

A Poem.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

PART THE SECOND.

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JOHN MURRAY.

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I.

It was an hour of universal joy.

'The lark was up and at the gate of heaven,

Singing, as sure to enter when he came;

The butterfly was basking in my path,

His radiant wings unfolded. From below

The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively;

And odours, such as welcome in the day,

Such as salute the early traveller,

And come and go, each sweeter than the last,

Were rising. Hill and valley breathed delight;

And not a living thing but blessed the hour !

In every bush and brake there was a voice

Responsive !

From the THIRASYMENE, that now
Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
And from the shore that once, when armies met,
Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away ;
The path, that led me, leading thro' a wood,
A fairy-wilderness of fruits and flowers,
And by a brook that, in the day of strife,
Ran blood, but now runs amber—when a glade,
Far, far within, sunned only at noon-day,
Suddenly opened. Many a bench was there,
Each round its ancient elm ; and many a track,

Well-known to them that from the high-way loved
Awhile to deviate. In the midst a cross
Of mouldering stone as in a temple stood,
Solemn, severe; coeval with the trees
That round it in majestic order rose;
And on the lowest step a Pilgrim knelt,
Clasping his hands in prayer. He was the first
Yet seen by me (save in a midnight-masque,
A revel, where none cares to play his part,
And they, that speak, at once dissolve the charm)
The first in sober truth, no counterfeit;
And, when his orisons were duly paid,
He rose, and we exchanged, as all are wont,
A traveller's greeting.

Young, and of an age

When Youth is most attractive, when a light
Plays round and round, reflected, if I err not,
From some attendant Spirit, that ere long
(His charge relinquished with a sigh, a tear)
Wings his flight upward—with a look he won
My favour; and, the spell of silence broke,
I could not but continue.

‘ Whence,’ I asked,
‘ Whence art thou ?’—‘ From Mont’alto,’ he replied,
‘ My native village in the Apennines.’—
‘ And whither journeying ?’—‘ To the holy shrine
Of Saint Antonio in the City of PADUA.
Perhaps, if thou hast ever gone so far,
Thou wilt direct my course.’—‘ Most willingly;
But thou hast much to do, much to endure,

Ere thou hast entered where the silver lamps
Burn ever. Tell me . . . I would not transgress,
Yet ask I must . . . what could have brought thee forth,
Nothing in act or thought to be atoned for ?' —
'It was a vow I made in my distress.
We were so blest, none were so blest as we,
Till Sickness came. First, as death-struck, I fell ;
Then my beloved sister ; and ere long,
Worn with continual watchings, night and day,
Our saint-like mother. Worse and worse she grew ;
And in my anguish, my despair, I vowed,
That if she lived, if Heaven restored her to us,
I would forthwith, and in a Pilgrim's weeds,
Visit that holy shrine. My vow was heard ;
And therefore am I come.' — 'Thou hast done well ;

And may those weeds, so revered of old,
Guard thee in danger !' —

‘ They are nothing worth.

But they are worn in humble confidence;
Nor would I for the richest robe resign them,
Wrought, as they were, by those I love so well,
Lauretta and my sister; theirs the task,
But none to them, a pleasure, a delight,
To ply their utmost skill, and send me forth
As best became this service. Their last words,
“ Fare thee well, Carlo. We shall count the hours ! ”
Will not go from me.’ —

‘ Health and strength be thine

In thy long travel ! May no sun-beam strike;
No vapour cling and wither ! May'st thou be,

Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure !

And, when again thou com'st, thy labour done,

Joy be among ye ! In that happy hour

All will pour forth to bid thee welcome, Carlo ;

And there is one, or I am much deceived,

One thou hast named, who will not be the last.'—

' Oh, she is true as Truth itself can be !

But ah, thou know'st her not. Would that thou couldst !

My steps I quicken when I think of her ;

For, tho' they take me further from her door,

I shall return the sooner.'

II.

PLEASURE, that comes unlooked-for, is thrice-welcome ;
And, if it stir the heart, if aught be there,
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious ; and the day it came,
Is noted as a white day in our lives.

The sun was wheeling westward, and the cliffs
And nodding woods, that everlastingly

(Such the dominion of thy mighty voice,
Thy voice, VELINO, uttered in the mist)
Hear thee and answer thee, were left at length
For others still as noon; and on we strayed
From wild to wilder, nothing hospitable
Seen up or down, no bush or green or dry,
That ancient symbol at the cottage-door,
Offering refreshment—when LUIGI cried,
' Well, of a thousand tracks we chose the best !'
And, turning round an oak, oracular once,
Now lightning-struck, a cave, a thorough-fare
For all that came, each entrance a broad arch,
Whence many a deer, rustling his velvet coat,
Had issued, many a gipsy and her brood
Peered forth, then housed again—the floor yet grey

With ashes, and the sides, where roughest, hung
Loosely with locks of hair—I looked and saw
What, seen in such an hour by Sancho Panza,
Had given his honest countenance a breadth,
His cheeks a flush of pleasure and surprize,
Unknown before, had chained him to the spot,
And thou, Sir Knight, hadst traversed hill and dale,
Squire-less.

Below and winding far away,
A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring
Broiders with flowers, and, when the moon is high,
The hare delights to race in, scattering round
The silvery dews. Cedar and cypress threw
Singly their length of shadow, chequering
The greensward, and, what grew in frequent tufts,

An underwood of myrtle, that by fits
Sent up a gale of fragrance. Thro' the midst,
Reflecting, as it ran, purple and gold,
A rain-bow's splendour (somewhere in the east
Rain-drops were falling fast) a rivulet
Sported as loath to go; and on the bank
Stood (in the eyes of one, if not of both,
Worth all the rest and more) a sumpter-mule
Well-laden, while two menials as in haste
Drew from his ample panniers, ranging round
Viands and fruits on many a shining salver,
And plunging in the cool translucent wave
Flasks of delicious wine.

Anon a horn

Blew, thro' the champain bidding to the feast,

Its jocund note to other ears addressed,
Not ours; and, slowly coming by a path,
That, ere it issued from an ilex-grove,
Was seen far inward, tho' along the glade
Distinguished only by a fresher verdure,
Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
Beagles yet panting, one with various game,
In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
Leveret and quail and pheasant. All announced
The chase as over; and ere long appeared,
Their horses full of fire, champing the curb,
For the white foam was dry upon the flank,
Two in close converse, each in each delighting,
Their plumage waving as instinct with life;
A Lady young and graceful, and a Youth,

Yet younger, bearing on a falconer's glove,
As in the golden, the romantic time,
His falcon hooded. Like some spirit of air,
Or fairy-vision, such as feigned of old,
The Lady, while her courser pawed the ground,
Alighted; and her beauty, as she trod
The enamelled bank, bruising nor herb nor flower,
That place illumined.

Ah, who should she be,

And with her brother, as when last we met,
(When the first lark had sung ere half was said,
And as she stood, bidding adieu, her voice,
So sweet it was, recalled me like a spell)
Who but Angelica?

That day we gave

To Pleasure, and, unconscious of their flight,
Another and another; hers a home
Dropt from the sky amid the wild and rude,
Loretto-like. The rising moon we hailed,
Duly, devoutly, from a vestibule
Of many an arch, o'er-wrought and lavishly
With many a wildering dream of sylphs and flowers,
When RAPHAEL and his school from FLORENCE came,
Filling the land with splendour—nor less oft
Watched her, declining, from a silent dell,
Not silent once, what time in rivalry
TASSO, GUARINI, waved their wizard-wands,
Peopling the groves from Arcady, and lo,
Fair forms appeared, murmuring melodious verse,
—Then, in their day, a sylvan theatre,

Mossy the seats, the stage a verdurous floor,
The scenery rock and shrub-wood, Nature's own;
Nature the Architect.

III.

I AM in ROME ! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy ? What has befallen me ?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome ! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images ;
And I spring up as girt to run a race !

Thou art in ROME ! the City that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world ;

The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (What but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by a river-side ?)
Grew into every thing; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandize,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot, thro' hosts,
Thro' nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in ROME ! the City, where the Gauls,

Entering at sun-rise thro' her open gates,
And, thro' her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw Gods, not men;
The City, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.

There, as though
Grandeur attracted Grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennobled—from the depths
Of EGYPT, from the classic fields of GREECE,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire

Wonder, delight ! Who would not say the Forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flocked thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse ?

And I am there !

Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the APPIAN, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
Toward TIBUR, and, beyond the City-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,

Where on his mule I might have met so oft
HORACE himself—or climb the PALATINE,
Dreaming of old EVANDER and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Long while the seat of ROME, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness; * and, the summit gained,
Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where VIRGIL read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice faltered and a mother wept
Tears of delight !

But what the narrow space
Just underneath ? In many a heap the ground

* Nero.

Heaves, as tho' Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to shew his handy-work not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple.

It was once,
And long, the centre of their Universe,
The Forum—whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
The very dust we tread, stirs as with life;
And not the lightest breath that sends not up
Something of human grandeur.

We are come,
Are now where once the mightiest spirits met

In terrible conflict; this, while ROME was free,
The noblest theatre on this side Heaven !

Here the first BRUTUS stood, when o'er the corse
Of her so chaste all mourned, and from his cloud
Burst like a God. Here, holding up the knife
That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
VIRGINIUS called down vengeance.—But whence spoke
They who harangued the people; turning now
To the twelve tables, now with lifted hands
To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
In the unclouded azure shone far off,
And to the shepherd on the Alban mount
Seemed like a star new-risen ? Where were ranged
In rough array as on their element,

The beaks of those old gallies, destined still*
To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
A calm far worse, a silence as in death?
All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all,†
Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
Fell on his sword!

Along the Sacred Way

Hither the Triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair that then appeared,
Then thro' the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As tho' it led to heaven. 'Twas night; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,

* The Rostra.

† Marcus Junius Brutus.

Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Entered the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well-pleased with all they see,
Staggers along, the last?—'They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquished—there withdrew;
He to the festal board, and they to die.

Well might the great, the mighty of the world,
They who were wont to fare deliciously,

And war but for a kingdom more or less,
Shrink back, nor from their thrones endure to look,
To think that way ! Well might they in their state
Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
To be delivered from a dream like this !

Here CINCINNATUS passed, his plough the while
Left in the furrow ; and how many more,
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,
Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule pomp
Sit and decide ; and, as of old in ROME,
Name but their names, set every heart on fire !

Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx saved not,*
The last on PHILIP'S throne ; and the Numidian,†

* Perseus.

† Jugurtha.

So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness
Thrust under-ground, 'How cold this bath of yours !'
And thy proud queen, PALMYRA, thro' the sands*
Pursued, o'ertaken on her dromedary ;
Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream
That passes not away, for many a league
Illumine yet the desert. Some invoked
Death, and escaped ; the Egyptian, when her asp
Came from his covert under the green leaf ; †
And HANNIBAL himself ; and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands, ‡
'Tell him I would it had come yesterday ;
For then it had not been his nuptial gift.'

* Zenobia.

† Cleopatra.

‡ Sophonisba.

Now all is changed ; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night ;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike ; or they that would explore,
Discuss and learnedly ; or they that come,
(And there are many who have crossed the earth)
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
' This was the ROMAN FORUM ! '

IV.

‘WHENCE this delay?’—‘Along the crouded street
A Funeral comes, and with unusual pomp.’

So I withdrew a little and stood still,

While it went by. ‘She died as she deserved,’

Said an Abatè, gathering up his cloak,

And with a shrug retreating as the tide

Flowed more and more.—‘But she was beautiful!’

Replied a Soldier of the Pontiff’s guard.

‘And innocent as beautiful!’ exclaimed

A Matron sitting in her stall, hung round

With garlands, holy pictures, and what not ?
Her Alban grapes and Tusculan figs displayed
In rich profusion. From her heart she spoke ;
And I accosted her to hear her story.
'The stab,' she cried, 'was given in jealousy ;
But never fled a purer spirit to heaven,
As thou wilt say, or much my mind misleads,
When thou hast seen her face. Last night at dusk,
When on her way from vespers—None were near,
None save her serving-boy, who knelt and wept,
But what could tears avail him, when she fell—
Last night at dusk, the clock then striking nine,
Just by the fountain—that before the church,
The church she always used, St. Isidore's—
Alas, I knew her from her earliest youth,

That excellent lady. Ever would she say,
Good even, as she passed, and with a voice
Gentle as theirs in heaven ! '—But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assailed the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet;
And now a strange fantastic troop appeared !
Thronging, they came—as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white ! ' Oh say,' I cried,
' Do not the living here bury the dead ?
Do Spirits come and fetch them ? What are these,
That seem not of this World, and mock the Day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand ? '—
' It is an ancient Brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Thro' the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man ;

The living masked, the dead alone uncovered.
But mark'—And, lying on her funeral-couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 'twere her nightly posture, thro' the croud
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birth-day feast ! But breathes she not ?
A glow is on her cheek—and her lips move !
And now a smile is there—how heavenly sweet !
' Oh no ! ' replied the Dame, wiping her tears,
But with an accent less of grief than anger,
' No, she will never, never wake again ! '

Death, when we meet the Spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday and shall to-morrow,

Soon grows familiar—like most other things,
Seen, not observed; but in a foreign clime,
Changing his shape to something new and strange,
(And thro' the world he changes as in sport,
Affect he greatness or humility)
Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here
To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,
A sadness round; yet one I would not lose;
Being in unison with all things else
In this, this land of shadows, where we live
More in past time than present, where the ground,
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments;
And, let the living wander where they will,
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead.

Oft, where the burial-rite follows so fast
The agony, oft coming, nor from far,
Must a fond father meet his darling child,
(Him who at parting climbed his knees and clung)
Clay-cold and wan, and to the bearers cry,
'Stand, I conjure ye!'

Seen thus destitute,
What are the greatest? They must speak beyond
A thousand homilies. When RAPHAEL went,
His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit—when He went,
Wrapt in his sable cloak, the cloak he wore,
To sleep beneath the venerable Dome,*
By those attended, who in life had loved,

* The Pantheon.

Had worshipped, following in his steps to Fame,
(’Twas on an April-day, when Nature smiles)
All Rome was there. But, ere the march began,
Ere to receive their charge the bearers came,
Who had not sought him? And when all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday,
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when, entering in, they looked
Now on the dead, then on that master-piece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations.

V.

‘**A**NOTHER Assassination! This venerable City,’ I exclaimed, ‘what is it, but as it began, a nest of robbers and murderers? We must away at sun-rise, Luigi.’—But before sun-rise I had reflected a little, and in the soberest prose. My indignation was gone; and, when Luigi undrew my curtain, crying, ‘Up, Signor, up! The horses are at the door.’ ‘Luigi,’ I replied, ‘if thou lovest me, draw the curtain.’*

* A dialogue, which is said to have passed many years ago at Lyons (Mem. de Grammont, I. 3.) and which may still be heard in almost every hôtellerie at day-break.

It would lessen very much the severity with which men judge of each other, if they would but trace effects to their causes, and observe the progress of things in the moral as accurately as in the physical world. When we condemn millions in the mass as vindictive and sanguinary, we should remember that, wherever Justice is ill-administered, the injured will redress themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery; murder to assassination. Resentments become hereditary; and what began in disorder, ends as if all Hell had broke loose.

Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment; and, as the infliction

is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity. The laws are offended; and the community for its own sake pursues and overtakes the offender; often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.

Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate; and, when at length they venture to turn against their rulers,* we should lament, not wonder at their excesses; remembering that na-

* As the descendants of an illustrious people have lately done. Can it be believed that there are many among us, who, from a desire to be thought superior to common-place sentiments and vulgar feelings, affect an indifference to their cause? 'If the Greeks,' they say, 'had the probity of other nations—but they are false to a proverb!' And is not falsehood the characteristic of slaves? Man is the creature of circumstances. Free, he has the qualities of a freeman; enslaved, those of a slave.

tions are naturally patient and long-suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.

‘Hate them, perhaps,’ you may say, ‘we should not; but despise them we must, if enslaved, like the people of ROME, in mind as well as body; if their religion be a gross and barbarous superstition.’—I respect knowledge; but I do not despise ignorance. They think only as their fathers thought, worship as they worshipped. They do no more; and, if ours had not burst their bondage, braving imprisonment and death, might not we at this very moment have been exhibiting, in our streets and our churches, the same processions, ceremonials, and mortifications?

Nor should we require from those who are in an earlier stage of society, what belongs to a later.

They are only where we once were ; and why hold them in derision ? It is their business to cultivate the inferior arts before they think of the more refined ; and in many of the last what are we as a nation, when compared to others that have passed away ? Unfortunately it is too much the practice of governments to nurse and keep alive in the governed their national prejudices. It withdraws their attention from what is passing at home, and makes them better tools in the hands of Ambition. Hence next-door neighbours are held up to us from our child-hood as *natural enemies* ; and we are urged on like curs to worry each other.*

In like manner we should learn to be just to

* Candour, generosity, how rare are they in the world ; and how much is to be deplored the want of them ! When a minister in our parliament consents at last to a measure, which, for many reasons perhaps existing no longer, he had

individuals. Who can say, 'In such circumstances I should have done otherwise?' Who, did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange concurrences, we are led astray; with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many self-accusations, how many sighs, how many tears — Who, did he but reflect for a moment, would have the heart to cast a stone? Fortunately these things are known to Him, from whom no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the assurance that His judgments are not as ours are.

before refused to adopt, there should be no exultation as over the fallen, no taunt, no jeer. How often may the resistance be continued lest an enemy should triumph, and the result of conviction be received as a symptom of fear!

VI.

HAVE none appeared as tillers of the ground,
None since They went—as tho' it still were theirs,
And they might come and claim their own again?
Was the last plough a Roman's?

From this Seat,*

Sacred for ages, whence, as VIRGIL sings,
The Queen of Heaven, alighting from the sky,
Looked down and saw the armies in array,†
Let us contemplate; and, where dreams from Jove
Descended on the sleeper, where perhaps

* See Note.

† Æncid, xii. 134.

Some inspirations may be lingering still,
Some glimmerings of the future or the past,
Await their influence; silently revolving
The changes from that hour, when He from TROY
Went up the TIBER; when refulgent shields,
No strangers to the iron-hail of war,
Streamed far and wide, and dashing oars were heard
Among those woods where Silvia's stag was lying,
His antlers gay with flowers; among those woods
Where, by the Moon, that saw and yet withdrew not,
Two were so soon to wander and be slain,
Two lovely in their lives, nor in their death
Divided.

Then, and hence to be discerned,
How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay

Along this plain, each with its schemes of power,
Its little rivalships ! What various turns
Of fortune there ; what moving accidents
From ambuscade and open violence !
Mingling, the sounds came up ; and hence how oft
We might have caught among the trees below,
Glittering with helm and shield, the men of TIBUR ;*
Or in Greek vesture, Greek their origin,
Some embassy, ascending to PRÆNESTE ; †
How oft descried, without thy gates, ARICIA, ‡
Entering the solemn grove for sacrifice,
Senate and People ! — Each a busy hive,
Glowing with life !

But all ere long are lost
In one. We look, and where the river rolls

* Tivoli.

† Palestrina.

‡ La Riccia.

Southward its shining labyrinth, in her strength
A City, girt with battlements and towers,
On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
At rural work, the Citizens are seen,
None unemployed; the noblest of them all
Binding their sheaves or on their threshing-floors,
As tho' they had not conquered. Every where
Some trace of valour or heroic virtue !
Here is the sacred field of the HORATI.
There are the QUINTIAN meadows. Here the hill *
How holy, where a generous people, twice,
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once gave way,
Helmet and shield, and sword and spear thrown down,
And every hand uplifted, every heart

* Mons Sacer.

Poured out in thanks to heaven.

Once again

We look; and lo, the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold; the vale, the promontories,
A dream of glory; temples, palaces,
Called up as by enchantment; aqueducts
Among the groves and glades rolling along
Rivers, on many an arch high over-head;
And in the centre, like a burning sun,
The Imperial City! They have now subdued
All nations. But where they who led them forth;
Who, when at length released by victory,
(Buckler and spear hung up—but not to rust)
Held poverty no evil, no reproach,

Living on little with a cheerful mind,
The DECI, the FABRICII? Where the spade,
And reaping-hook, among their household-things
Duly transmitted? In the hands of men
Made captive; while the master and his guests,
Reclining, quaff in gold, and roses swim,
Summer and winter, thro' the circling year,
On their Falernian—in the hands of men
Dragged into slavery, with how many more
Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
In combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace, with dignity—to sink,
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
As models for the sculptor.

But their days,

Their hours are numbered. Hark, a yell, a shriek,
A barbarous dissonance, loud and yet louder,
That echoes from the mountains to the sea !
And mark, beneath us, like a bursting cloud,
The battle moving onward ! Had they slain
All, that the Earth should from her womb bring forth
New nations to destroy them ? From the depth
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
Regions of thrilling ice, as tho' in ice
Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,
Shaggy and huge ! Host after host, they come ;
The Goth, the Vandal ; and again the Goth !

Once more we look, and all is still as night,

All desolate ! Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight ; and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismembered giant. In the midst
A City stands, her domes and turrets crowned
With many a cross ; but they, that issue forth,
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless ;
And on the road, where once we might have met
CÆSAR and CATO, and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

VII.

THOSE ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, thro' the world, subduing, chaining down
The free, immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians? 'Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were with infernal art
Close-interwoven; where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises;
And with the terrors of Futurity

Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,
Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,
And architectural pomp, such as none else !
What in his day the SYRACUSAN sought,
Another world to plant his engines on,
They had ; and, having it, like gods not men
Moved this world at their pleasure. Ere they came,
Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were known ;
And Two, that looked beyond the visible sphere,
Gave notice of their coming—he who saw
The Apocalypse ; and he of elder time,
Who in an awful vision of the night
Saw the Four Kingdoms. Distant as they were,
Well might those holy men be filled with fear !

VIII.

WHEN I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of CAIUS CESTIUS. The Protestant burial-ground is there; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave.

It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets ; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land ; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves : and the tomb of CESTIUS, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed ; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer.

IX.

'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
Nightly, thro' many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

'Tis over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now

Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as tho' she still was there,
Still in her father's house; and lo, a cell
Narrow and dark, nought thro' the gloom discerned,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the grey habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,

Verse after verse sung out how holily,
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross;
Yet was it sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying, 'Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things !'
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her, 'Thus,
Thus I renounce the world !' when all was changed,
And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veiled in her veil, crowned with her silver crown,

Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
Fail in that hour ! Well might the holy man,
He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
('Twas in her utmost need ; nor, while she lives,
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity !

Like a dream the whole is fled ;
And they, that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world ; thou in thy cell
Forgot, TERESA. Yet, among them all,
None were so formed to love and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn ; and on thee now

A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropped
For ever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy Youth ?
As nothing !

But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly ; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,

Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem.*

All in turn

Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!

* See Note.

X.

THERE is an Insect, that, when Evening comes,
Small tho' he be and scarce distinguishable,
Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheaths his wings and thro' the woods and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,
Each gush of light a gush of ecstasy;
Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
A radiance all their own, not of the day,
Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,

Soaring, descending.

In the mother's lap

Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon ;
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance
By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid
Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
'Come hither ; and the shepherds, gathering round,
Shall say, Floretta emulates the Night,
Spangling her head with stars.'

Oft have I met

This shining race, when in the TUSCULAN groves
My path no longer glimmered ; oft among
Those trees, religious once and always green,
That yet dream out their stories of old ROME

Over the ALBAN lake; oft met and hailed,
Where the precipitate ANIO thunders down,
And thro' the surging mist a Poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe ?)
Reveals itself.

Yet cannot I forget

Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,
My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
His lonely lamp rekindling.* Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, thro' the darkness knows
No intermission; sending forth its ray
Thro' the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As Virtue's own.

* The glow-worm.

XI.

IT was in a splenetic humour that I sate me down to my scanty fare at TERRACINA; and how long I should have contemplated the lean thrushes in array before me, I cannot say, if a cloud of smoke, that drew the tears into my eyes, had not burst from the green and leafy boughs on the hearth-stone. ‘Why,’ I exclaimed, starting up from the table, ‘why did I leave my own chimney-corner? —But am I not on the road to BRUNDISIUM? And are not these the very calamities that befel HORACE and VIRGIL, and MÆCENAS, and PLOTIUS, and VARIUS? HORACE laughed at them—Then why should not I? HORACE resolved to turn them to

account; and VIRGIL—cannot we hear him observing, that to remember them will, by and by, be a pleasure?’ My soliloquy reconciled me at once to my fate; and when, for the twentieth time, I had looked through the window on a sea sparkling with innumerable brilliants, a sea on which the heroes of the *Odyssey* and the *Eneid* had sailed, I sat down as to a splendid banquet. My thrushes had the flavour of ortolans; and I ate with an appetite I had not known before.

‘Who,’ I cried as I poured out my last glass of Falernian,* (for Falernian it was said to be, and in my eyes it ran bright and clear as a topaz-stone) ‘Who would remain at home, could he do otherwise? Who would submit to tread that dull, but daily round; his hours forgotten as soon as spent?’

* We were now within a few hours of the *Campania Felix*. On the colour and flavour of Falernian consult Galen and Dioscorides.

and, opening my journal-book and dipping my pen in my ink-horn, I determined, as far as I could, to justify myself and my countrymen in wandering over the face of the earth. 'It may serve me,' said I, 'as a remedy in some future fit of the spleen.'

Ours is a nation of travellers ; * and no wonder, when the elements, air, water, fire, attend at our bidding, to transport us from shore to shore ; when the ship rushes into the deep, her track

* As indeed it always was, contributing those of every degree, from a *milors* with his suite to him whose only attendant is his shadow. Coryate in 1608 performed his journey on foot ; and, returning, hung up his shoes in his village-church as an *ex-voto*. Goldsmith, a century and a half afterwards, followed in nearly the same path ; playing a tune on his flute to procure admittance, whenever he approached a cottage at night-fall.

the foam as of some mighty torrent ; and, in three hours or less, we stand gazing and gazed at among a foreign people. None want an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy ; if poor, to retrench ; if sick, to recover ; if studious, to learn ; if learned, to relax from their studies. But whatever they may say, whatever they may believe, they go for the most part on the same errand ; nor will those who reflect, think that errand an idle one.

Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world, than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honour ; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us in a great degree what we have lost. When the anchor is heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a while at least all effort is over. The old cares are left clustering round the old objects; and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange. We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we fret only for the moment; and here indeed the resemblance is very remarkable, for, if a journey has its pains as well as its pleasures (and there is nothing unmixed in this world) the pains are no sooner over than they are forgotten, while the pleasures live long in the memory.

Nor is it surely without another advantage. If life be short, not so to many of us are its days and its hours. When the blood slumbers in the

veins, how often do we wish that the earth would turn faster on its axis, that the sun would rise and set before it does ; and, to escape from the weight of time, how many follies, how many crimes are committed ! Men rush on danger, and even on death. Intrigue, play, foreign and domestic broil, such are their resources ; and, when these things fail, they destroy themselves.

Now in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures ; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place which we have long heard and read of, and in ITALY we do so continually, it is an era in our lives ; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully too does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast ! *

* To judge at once of a nation, we have only to throw our eyes on the markets and the fields. If the markets are

Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over books and maps, learn more or so much in the time, as he who, with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves? * How accurately do they arrange themselves in our memory, towns, rivers, mountains; and in what living colours do we recall the dresses, manners, and customs of the people! Our sight is the noblest of all our senses. 'It fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired.' Our sight is on the alert

well-supplied, the fields well-cultivated, all is right. If otherwise, we may say, and say truly, these people are barbarous or oppressed.

* Assuredly not, if the last has laid a proper foundation. Knowledge makes knowledge as money makes money, nor ever perhaps so fast as on a journey.

when we travel; and its exercise is then so delightful, that we forget the profit in the pleasure.

Like a river, that gathers, that refines as it runs, like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral, we improve and imperceptibly — nor in the head only, but in the heart. Our prejudices leave us, one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love, and esteem, and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went? For the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own.

I threw down my pen in triumph. ‘The question,’ said I, ‘is set to rest for ever. And yet—’

‘And yet—’ I must still say. ‘The WISEST OF MEN seldom went out of the walls of ATHENS; and for that worst of evils, that sickness of the soul, to which we are most liable when most at our ease, is there not after all a surer and yet pleasanter remedy, a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold? A PIEDMONTESE nobleman, into whose company I fell at TURIN, had not long before experienced its efficacy; and his story, which he told me without reserve, was as follows.

‘I was weary of life, and, after a day, such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the

lesson he had learnt. "There are six of us; and we are dying for want of food."—"Why should I not," said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what, if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes .. it went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I cried. 'Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world, where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!'

XII.

IT was a well

Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock filled, overflowed it;
Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
Thro' the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees; discovering where it ran

By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus*; and now approached
The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
The hour REBEKAH came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps; and lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head

Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
ULYSSES landed there; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time.*

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She joined her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink;
And, while he quenched his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirred till he had done, fixed as a statue.

* See Note.

Then hadst thou seen them as they stood, CANOVA,
Thou hadst endowed them with immortal youth;
And they had evermore lived undivided,
Winning all hearts — of all thy works the fairest.

XIII.

'Tis a wild life, fearful and full of change,
The mountain-robber's. On the watch he lies,
Levelling his carbine at the passenger;
And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep.

Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest;
When they that robbed, were men of better faith
Than kings or pontiffs; when, such reverence
The Poet drew among the woods and wilds,
A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,

Crying aloud, " Hence to the distant hills !
TASSO approaches ; he, whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours ; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.
Hence, nor descend till he and his are gone.
Let him fear nothing."

When along the shore,*

And by the path that, wandering on its way,
Leads thro' the fatal grove where TULLY fell,
(Grey and o'ergrown, an ancient tomb is there)
He came and they withdrew, they were a race
Careless of life in others and themselves,
For they had learnt their lesson in a camp ;

* See Note.

But not ungenerous. 'Tis no longer so.
Now crafty, cruel, torturing ere they slay
The unhappy captive, and with bitter jests
Mocking Misfortune; vain, fantastical,
Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
And most devout, tho', when they kneel and pray,
With every bead they could recount a murder,
As by a spell they start up in array,
As by a spell they vanish—theirs a band,
Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting;
Now in the garb of peace, now silently
Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,

Whose lives have long been forfeit.

Some there are

That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,

Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,

The guilt that says, Beware; and mark we now

Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey

At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity

Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,

Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox

Slunk as he entered. There he broods, in spleen

Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy frame

O'erwritten with the story of his life:

On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well-earned

In foreign warfare; on his breast the brand

Indelible, burnt in when to the port

He clanked his chain, among a hundred more
Dragged ignominiously ; on every limb
Memorials of his glory and his shame,
Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,
And channels here and there worn to the bone
By galling fetters.

He comes slowly forth,
Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
Anxiously looks ; his cruise, an ample gourd,
(Duly replenished from the vintner's cask)
Slung from his shoulder ; in his breadth of belt
Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,
And a small vial, his last remedy,
His cure, when all things fail. No noise is heard,

Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf
Howl in the upper region, or a fish
Leaps in the gulf beneath— But now he kneels
And (like a scout, when listening to the tramp
Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
Then kneels again, and his short rifle-gun
Against his cheek, waits patiently.

Two Monks,
Portly, grey-headed, on their gallant steeds,
Descend where yet a mouldering cross o'erhangs
The grave of one that from the precipice
Fell in an evil hour. Their bridle-bells
Ring merrily; and many a loud, long laugh
Re-echoes; but at once the sounds are lost.

Unconscious of the good in store below,
The holy fathers have turned off, and now
Cross the brown heath, ere long to wag their beards
Before my lady-abbess, and discuss
Things only known to the devout and pure
O'er her spiced bowl—then shrive the sister-hood,
Sitting by turns with an inclining ear
In the confessional.

He moves his lips
As with a curse—then paces up and down,
Now fast, now slow, brooding and muttering on ;
Gloomy alike to him the past, the future.

But hark, the nimble tread of numerous feet !
—'Tis but a dappled herd, come down to slake

Their thirst in the cool wave. He turns and aims —
Then checks himself, unwilling to disturb
The sleeping echoes.

Once again he earths ;
Slipping away to house with them beneath,
His old companions in that hiding-place,
The bat, the toad, the blind-worm, and the newt ;
And hark, a footstep, firm and confident,
As of a man in haste. Nearer it draws ;
And now is at the entrance of the den.
Ha ! 'tis a comrade, sent to gather in
The band for some great enterprize.

Who wants
A sequel, may read on. The unvarnished tale,
That follows, will supply the place of one.

'Twas told me by the Marquess of Ravina,
When in a blustering night he sheltered me
In that brave castle of his ancestors
O'er GARIGLIANO, and is such indeed
As every day brings with it—in a land
Where laws are trampled on, and lawless men
Walk in the sun; but it should not be lost,
For it may serve to bind us to our Country.

XIV.

THREE days they lay in ambush at my gate,
Then sprung and led me captive. Many a wild
We traversed ; but RUSCONI, 'twas no less,
Marched by my side, and, when I thirsted, climbed
The cliffs for water ; though, whene'er he spoke,
'Twas briefly, sullenly ; and on he led,
Distinguished only by an amulet,
That in a golden chain hung from his neck,
A crystal of rare virtue. Night fell fast,

When on a heath, black and immeasurable,
He turned and bade them halt. 'Twas where the earth
Heaves o'er the dead—where erst some ALARIC
Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
A stone to tell for ages where he lay.

Then all advanced, and, ranging in a square,
Stretched forth their arms as on the holy cross,
From each to each their sable cloaks extending,
That, like the solemn hangings of a tent,
Covered us round; and in the midst I stood,
Weary and faint, and face to face with one,
Whose voice, whose look dispenses life and death,
Whose heart knows no relentings. Instantly
A light was kindled, and the Bandit spoke.

‘I know thee. Thou hast sought us, for the sport
Slipping thy blood-hounds with a hunter’s cry;
And thou hast found at last. Were I as thou,
I in thy grasp as thou art now in ours,
Soon should I make a midnight-spectacle,
Soon, limb by limb, be mangled on a wheel,
Then gibbeted to blacken for the vultures.
But I would teach thee better—how to spare.
Write as I dictate. If thy ransom comes,
Thou liv’st. If not—but answer not, I pray,
Lest thou provoke me. I may strike thee dead;
And know, young man, it is an easier thing
To do it than to say it. Write, and thus.’—

I wrote. ‘’Tis well,’ he cried. ‘A peasant-boy,

Trusty and swift of foot, shall bear it hence.
Meanwhile lie down and rest. This cloak of mine
Will serve thee ; it has weathered many a storm.'
The watch was set ; and twice it had been changed,
When morning broke, and a wild bird, a hawk,
Flew in a circle, screaming. I looked up,
And all were gone, save him who now kept guard,
And on his arms lay musing. Young he seemed,
And sad, as tho' he could indulge at will
Some secret sorrow. 'Thou shrink'st back,' he said.
'Well may'st thou, lying, as thou dost, so near
A Ruffian—one for ever linked and bound
To guilt and infamy. There was a time
When he had not perhaps been deemed unworthy,
When he had watched that planet to its setting,

And dwelt with pleasure on the meanest thing
That Nature has given birth to. Now 'tis past.

Wouldst thou know more? My story is an old one.
I loved, was scorned; I trusted, was betrayed;
And in my anguish, my necessity,
Met with the fiend, the tempter—in RUSCONI.
'Why thus?' he cried. 'Thou wouldst be free and dar'st not.
Come and assert thy birth-right while thou canst.
A robber's cave is better than a dungeon;
And death itself, what is it at the worst,
What, but a harlequin's leap?' Him I had known,
Had served with, suffered with; and on the walls
Of CAPUA, while the moon went down, I swore
Allegiance on his dagger.

Dost thou ask

How I have kept my oath? Thou shalt be told,
Cost what it may.— But grant me, I implore,
Grant me a passport to some distant land,
That I may never, never more be named.
Thou wilt, I know thou wilt.

Two months ago,

When on a vineyard-hill we lay concealed
And scattered up and down as we were wont,
I heard a damsel singing to herself,
And soon espied her, coming all alone,
In her first beauty. Up a path she came,
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,
A song of love, by snatches; breaking off
If but a flower, an insect in the sun

Pleased for an instant; then as carelessly
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopt,
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.
Her look, her mien and maiden-ornaments
Shewed gentle birth; and, step by step, she came,
Nearer and nearer, to the dreadful snare.
None else were by; and, as I gazed unseen,
Her youth, her innocence and gaiety
Went to my heart; and, starting up, I cried,
'Fly—for your life!' Alas, she shrieked, she fell;
And, as I caught her falling, all rushed forth.
'A Wood-nymph!' said RUSCONI. 'By the light,
Lovely as Hebe! Lay her in the shade.'
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.

‘What,’ he exclaimed with a malicious smile,
‘Wouldst thou rebel?’ I did as he required.
‘Now bear her hence to the well-head below.
A few cold drops will animate this marble.
Go! ’Tis an office all will envy thee;
But thou hast earned it.’

As I staggered down,
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body;
Her golden hair dishevelled on a neck
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep,
Frantic with love, with hate, ‘Great God!’ I cried,
(I had almost forgotten how to pray)
‘Why may I not, while yet—while yet I can,
Release her from a thraldrom worse than death?’
’Twas done as soon as said. I kissed her brow,

And smote her with my dagger. A short cry
She uttered, but she stirred not; and to heaven
Her gentle spirit fled. 'Twas where the path
In its descent turned suddenly. No eye
Observed me, tho' their steps were following fast.
But soon a yell broke forth, and all at once
Levelled their deadly aim. Then I had ceased
To trouble or be troubled, and had now
(Would I were there !) been slumbering in my grave,
Had not RUSCONI with a terrible shout
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaimed,
Grasping my arm, 'Tis bravely, nobly done !
Is it for deeds like these thou wear'st a sword ?
Was this the business that thou cam'st upon ?
— But 'tis his first offence, and let it pass.

Like the young tiger he has tasted blood,
And may do much hereafter. He can strike
Home to the hilt.' Then in an under-tone,
'Thus would'st thou justify the pledge I gave,
When in the eyes of all I read distrust?
For once,' and on his cheek, methought, I saw
The blush of virtue, 'I will save thee, Albert;
Again I cannot.'

Ere his tale was told,
As on the heath we lay, my ransom came;
And in six days, with no ungrateful mind,
Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.
—But the night wears, and thou art much in need
Of rest. The young Antonio, with his torch,
Is waiting to conduct thee to thy chamber.

XV.

THIS region, surely, is not of the earth.*

Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,

Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot

Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,

But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings

On the clear wave some image of delight,

Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,

Some ruined temple or fallen monument,

To muse on as the bark is gliding by.

* Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra. SANNAZARO.

And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
From day-break, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from ARARAT,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
Was with his house-hold sacrificing there—
From day-break to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening-hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Every where

Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,

And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came ;
Earth, sea and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own :
And at her bidding, lo ! a dark descent
To TARTARUS, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by Him described,*
Who here was wont to wander, here invoke
The sacred Muses, here receive, record
What they revealed, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved PARTHENOPE.

Yet here, methinks,

* Virgil.

Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining to wild ecstasy,
And soberest meditation.

Here the vines
Wed, each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
Hang their luxuriant clusters, checquering
The sunshine; where, when cooler shadows fall,
And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves,
The lute, or mandoline, accompanied
By many a voice yet sweeter than their own,
Kindles, nor slowly; and the dance* displays
The gentle arts and witcheries of love,
Its hopes and fears and feignings, till the youth
Drops on his knee as vanquished, and the maid,

* The Tarantella.

Her tambourine uplifting with a grace,
Nature's and Nature's only, bids him rise.

But here the mighty Monarch underneath,
He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
A dazzling splendour. Here, unseen, unheard,
Opening another Eden in the wild,
He works his wonders; save, when issuing forth
In thunder, he blots out the sun, the sky,
And, mingling all things earthly as in scorn,
Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
And in an hour of universal mirth,
What time the trump proclaims the festival,
Buries some capital city, there to sleep

The sleep of ages—till a plough, a spade
Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons,
Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
And eager to enjoy.

Let us go round,
And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
That at our leisure, as we coast along,
We may contemplate and from every scene
Receive its influence. The CUMÆAN towers,
There did they rise, sun-gilt; and here thy groves,
Delicious BAIÆ. Here (what would they not ?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built in the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,

O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces ;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the sea-mew clamours, or the owl
Hoots in the temple.

What the mountainous Isle,*
Seen in the South ? 'Tis where a Monster dwelt,†
Who hurled his victims from the topmost cliff ;
Then and then only merciful, so slow,
So subtle were the tortures they endured.
Fearing and feared he lived, cursing and cursed ;
And still the dungeons in the rock breathe out
Darkness, distemper.—Stragne, that one so vile
Should from his den strike terror thro' the world ;
Should, where withdrawn in his decrepitude,

* Capreaë.

† Tiberius.

Say to the noblest, be they where they might,
'Go from the earth!' and from the earth they went.
Yet such things were—and will be, when mankind,
Losing all virtue, lose all energy;
And for the loss incur the penalty,
Trodden down and trampled.

Let us turn the prow,
And in the track of him who went to die,*
Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
A waking dream awaits us. At a step
Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
Like those so long within that awful place,†
Immovable, nor asking, Can it be?

Once did I linger there alone, till day

* The Elder Pliny.

† Pompeii.

Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn ! At the fount,
Just where the three ways meet, I stood and looked,
('Twas near a noble house, the house of Pansa)
And all was still as in the long, long night
That followed, when the shower of ashes fell,
When they that sought POMPEII, sought in vain ;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,
Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanced,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
The moon was rising, and at once revealed
The name of every dweller, and his craft ;

Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this City of the Dead.

Here lived a miller; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,
Each ready for its office—but he comes not.
And here, hard by (where one in idleness
Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;
And in a tablet on the wall we read
Of shews ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly; blocks, half-chiselled into life,
Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an ample jar, no more replenished;

And here from his a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
They sate and quaffed and looked on them that passed,
Gravely discussing the last news from ROME.

But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
HAIL ! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace ! every where,
As thro' the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep ! May we not intrude ?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,

And gentle voices mingling as in converse !

—And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,

And now—along the corridor it comes—

I cannot err, a filling as of baths !

—Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,

Idle and vain ! We are but where we were ;

Still wandering in a City of the Dead !

XVI.

I DINE very often with the good old Cardinal** and, I should add, with his cats ; for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age ; nor did I ever see it clouded till yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sun-set from his terrace, he happened, in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of PALERMO

and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living near each other, they were often together; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey; but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted; and false rumours were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of SIENNA; and, when at length I returned to make her my own,

I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me?—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity; for the sadness, that had come across him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near BOLOGNA, a Widow-lady of the Lambertini Family, called MADONNA LUCREZIA, who in a revolution of the State had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread ; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral ; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity ; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a Court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as PETRARCH has written on LAURA.

But Fortune had at last relented ; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief ; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines ; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed

that way ; though the sign of the White Cross,* the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door ; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that Order, whose achievements in PALESTINE she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden ; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to BOLOGNA, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her ; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of

* La Croce Bianca.

Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence ; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes ; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war ; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery ; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw

aside their cloaks ; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go ; and the Venetian thus addressed their Hostess. ‘Excellent Lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?’ ‘You may,’ she replied gaily. ‘But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts, we have none in our village ; and, if we had, where would be your security?’

‘In your word, Lady.’

‘But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?’ said she, laughing. ‘The money would go to the Church ; for none could claim it.’

‘Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment.’

‘If you will write it.’

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the Village-physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day ; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three ; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in PERUGIA ; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, ' Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done ; ' and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse ; and, when she came

back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

‘Wretched woman that I am!’ she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter’s neck, ‘What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world?.. Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!’ and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A Process against her was instantly begun in BOLOGNA; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

‘Go, GIANETTA,’ said she to her daughter, ‘take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor CALDERINO to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the Unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; MONALDI cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.’

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all had them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the Cause to come on to morrow!

NOW GIANETTA had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, LORENZO MARTELLI. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, GIOVANNI

ANDREAS, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, NOVELLA, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, LORENZO having lost his heart to another.*

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how

* Ce pourroit être, says Bayle, la matiere d'un joli problème: on pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Il y auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus.

stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—‘Were I as mighty as I am weak,’ said he, ‘my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, GIANETTA; and may the Friend of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your Mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.’

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when LORENZO rises and thus addresses them.

‘Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long.

‘Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.’

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent LORENZO. Wealth followed Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

XVII.

ONE of two things MONTRIOLI may have,
My envy or compassion. Both he cannot.
Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries,
What least of all he would consent to lose,
What most indeed he prides himself upon,
And, for not having, most despises me.
'At morn the minister exacts an hour;
At noon the king. Then comes the council-board;
And then the chasse, the supper. When, ah when,
The leisure and the liberty I sigh for?

Not when at home; at home a miscreant-crew,
That now no longer serve me, mine the service.
And then that old hereditary bore,
The steward, his stories longer than his rent-roll,
Who enters, quill in ear, and, one by one,
As tho' I lived to write, and wrote to live,
Unrolls his leases for my signature.'

He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
Yet who would wear them, and become the slave
Of wealth and power, renouncing willingly
His freedom, and the hours that fly so fast,
A burden or a curse when misemployed,
But to the wise how precious—every day
A little life, a blank to be inscribed

With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
Console, rejoice, whene'er we turn the leaf
To read them ? All, wherever in the scale,
Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre,
Much to be grateful for ; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where Knowledge lights his lamp, there most secure,
And Wisdom comes, if ever, she who dwells
Above the clouds, above the firmament,
That Seraph sitting in the heaven of heavens.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools

Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favour or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.

XVIII.

HE who sets sail from NAPLES, when the wind
Blows fragrance from POSÌLIPO, may soon,
Crossing from side to side that beautiful lake,
Land underneath the cliff, where once among
The children gathering shells along the shore,
One laughed and played, unconscious of his fate;*
His to drink deep of sorrow, and, thro' life,
To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
Trampling alike the giver and his gift,

* Tasso.

The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,
A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
To charm, ennoble, and, from age to age,
Sweeten the labour, when the oar was plied
Or on the ADRIAN or the TUSCAN sea.

There would I linger—then go forth again,
And hover round that region unexplored,
Where to SALVATOR (when, as some relate,
By chance or choice he led a bandit's life,
Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
To wander thro' those awful solitudes)
Nature revealed herself. Unveiled she stood,
In all her wildness, all her majesty,
As in that elder time, ere Man was made.

There would I linger—then go forth again ;
And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
Discovers, in a crevice of the rock,
The fishing-town, AMALFI. Haply there
A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
May tell him what it is ; but what it was,
Cannot be told so soon.

The time has been,

When on the quays along the SYRIAN coast,
'Twas asked and eagerly, at break of dawn,
'What ships are from AMALFI?' when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime ;
From ALEXANDRIA southward to SENNAAR,
And eastward, thro' DAMASCUS and CABUL
And SAMARCAND, to thy great wall, CATHAY.

Then were the nations by her wisdom swayed;
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments. In her port
Prows, strange, uncouth, from NILE and NIGER met,
People of various feature, various speech;
And in their countries many a house of prayer,
And many a shelter, where no shelter was,
And many a well, like JACOB'S in the wild,
Rose at her bidding. Then in PALESTINE,
By the way-side, in sober grandeur stood
A Hospital, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west; and, when 'twas asked,
'Who are the noble founders?' every tongue
At once replied, 'The merchants of AMALFI.'
That Hospital, when GODFREY scaled the walls,

Sent forth its holy men in complete steel;
And hence, the cowl relinquished for the helm,
That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
So long renowned as champions of the Cross,
In RHODES, in MALTA.

For three hundred years
There, unapproached but from the deep, they dwelt;
Assailed for ever, yet from age to age
Acknowledging no master. From the deep
They gathered in their harvests; bringing home,
In the same ship, relics of ancient GREECE,
That land of glory where their fathers lay,
Grain from the golden vales of SICILY,
And INDIAN spices. When at length they fell,
Losing their liberty, they left mankind

A legacy, compared with which the wealth
Of Eastern kings—what is it in the scale?
The mariner's compass.

They are now forgot,
And with them all they did, all they endured,
Struggling with fortune. When SICARDI stood,
And, with a shout like thunder, cried, 'Come forth,
And serve me in SALERNO!' forth they came,
Covering the sea, a mournful spectacle;
The women wailing, and the heavy oar
Falling unheard. Not thus did they return,
The tyrant slain; tho' then the grass of years
Grew in their streets.

There now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages,

Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark blue sea,
And glittering thro' their lemon-groves, announce
The region of AMALFI. Then, half-fallen,
A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
Their ancient land-mark, comes. Long may it last;
And to the seaman in a distant age,
Tho' now he little thinks how large his debt,
Serve for their monument!

XIX.

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea ;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !*
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of Gods ! and on their ample steps

* The temples of PÆSTUM are three in number ; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them ; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !
Time was perhaps the third was sought for Justice ;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused ;
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.
All silent now !—as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
From MOUNT ALBURNUS to the TYRRHENE sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within

Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern;
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure !

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground—And am I here at last ?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew ?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.*

* Spartacus. See Plutarch in the Life of Crassus.

The air is sweet with violets, running wild
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when TULLY, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,*
(Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul)
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For ATHENS; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the PÆSTAN gardens, slacked her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of Glory!—Now, coiled up,

* See Note.

The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young: and, as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicada flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,
To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,

Across the innumerable columns flung)
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place.*

Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
—And what within them? what but in the midst
These Three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

'Tis said a stranger in the days of old

* They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

(Some say a DORIAN, some a SYBARITE;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds)
'Tis said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Traced out the site; and POSIDONIA rose,
Severely great, NEPTUNE the tutelar God;
A HOMER's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from TYRE.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knocked and entered with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and language!
The TYRIAN merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried "For PÆSTUM!"
And now a VIRGIL, now an OVID sung
PÆSTUM's twice-blowing roses; while, within,

Parents and children mourned—and, every year,
(’Twas on the day of some old festival)
Met to give way to tears, and once again,
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.*
At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled !
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe †
Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate;
For then the demon works—then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

* Athenæus, xiv.

† The Mal’aria.

But what are These still standing in the midst ?
The Earth has rocked beneath; the Thunder-stone
Passed thro' and thro', and left its traces there;
Yet still they stand as by some Unknown Charter !
Oh, they are Nature's own ! and, as allied
To the vast Mountains and the eternal Sea,
They want no written history; theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of Man !

XX.

‘**W**_{HAT} hangs behind that curtain?’ — ‘Wouldst thou
learn?’

If thou art wise, thou wouldst not. ’Tis by some
Believed to be his master-work, who looked
Beyond the grave, and on the chapel-wall,
As tho’ the day were come, were come and past,
Drew the Last Judgment.* — But the Wisest err.
He who in secret wrought, and gave it life,
For life is surely there and visible change,
Life, such as none could of himself impart,

* Michael Angelo.

(They who behold it, go not as they came,
But meditate for many and many a day)
Sleeps in the vault beneath. We know not much;
But what we know, we will communicate.
'Tis in an ancient record of the House;
And may it make thee tremble, lest thou fall!

Once—on a Christmas-eve—ere yet the roof
Rung with the hymn of the Nativity,
There came a stranger to the convent-gate,
And asked admittance; ever and anon,
As if he sought what most he feared to find,
Looking behind him. When within the walls,
These walls so sacred and inviolable,
Still did he look behind him; oft and long,

With haggard eye and curling, quivering lip,
Catching at vacancy. Between the fits,
For here, 'tis said, he lingered while he lived,
He would discourse and with a mastery,
A charm by none resisted, none explained,
Unfelt before; but when his cheek grew pale,
All was forgotten. Then, howe'er employed,
He would break off, and start as if he caught
A glimpse of something that would not be gone;
And turn and gaze, and shrink into himself,
As tho' the Fiend was there, and, face to face,
Scowled o'er his shoulder.

Most devout he was;
Most unremitting in the Services;
Then, only then, untroubled, unassailed;

And, to beguile a melancholy hour,
Would sometimes exercise that noble art
He learnt in FLORENCE; with a master's hand,
As to this day the Sacristy attests,
Painting the wonders of the APOCALYPSE.

At length he sunk to rest, and in his cell
Left, when he went, a work in secret done,
The portrait, for a portrait it must be,
That hangs behind the curtain. Whence he drew,
None here can doubt; for they that come to catch
The faintest glimpse—to catch it and be gone,
Gaze as he gazed, then shrink into themselves,
Acting the self-same part. But why 'twas drawn,
Whether, in penance, to atone for Guilt,

Or to record the anguish Guilt inflicts,
Or haply to familiarize his mind
With what he could not fly from, none can say,
For none could learn the burden of his soul.

XXI.

It was a Harper, wandering with his harp,
His only treasure; a majestic man,
By time and grief ennobled, not subdued;
'Tho' from his height descending, day by day,
And, as his upward look at once betrayed,
Blind as old HOMER. At a fount he sate,
Well-known to many a weary traveller;
His little guide, a boy not seven years old,
But grave, considerate beyond his years,
Sitting beside him. Each had ate his crust

In silence, drinking of the virgin-spring ;

And now in silence, as their custom was,

The sun's decline awaited.

But the child

Was worn with travel. Heavy sleep weighed down

His eye-lids ; and the grandsire, when we came,

Emboldened by his love and by his fear,

His fear lest night oe'rtake them on the road,

Humbly besought me to convey them both

A little onward. Such small services

Who can refuse—Not I ; and him who can,

Blest tho' he be with every earthly gift,

I cannot envy. He, if wealth be his,

Knows not its uses. So from noon till night,

Within a crazed and tattered vehicle,

That yet displayed, in old emblazonry,
A shield as splendid as the BARDI wear,*
We lumbered on together; the old man
Beguiling many a league of half its length,
When questioned the adventures of his life,
And all the dangers he had undergone;
His ship-wrecks on inhospitable coasts,
And his long warfare.

They were bound, he said,

To a great fair at REGGIO; and the boy,
Believing all the world were to be there,
And I among the rest, let loose his tongue,
And promised me much pleasure. His short trance,
Short as it was, had, like a charmed cup,

* See Note.

Restored his spirit, and, as on we crawled,
Slow as the snail (my muleteer dismounting,
And now his mules addressing, now his pipe,
And now Luigi) he poured out his heart,
Largely repaying me. At length the sun
Departed, setting in a sea of gold;
And, as we gazed, he bade me rest assured
That like the setting would the rising be.

 Their harp—it had a voice oracular,
And in the desert, in the crowded street,
Spoke when consulted. If the treble chord
Twanged shrill and clear, o'er hill and dale they went,
'The grandsire, step by step, led by the child;
And not a rain-drop from a passing cloud

Fell on their garments. Thus it spoke to-day;
Inspiring joy, and, in the young one's mind,
Brightening a path already full of sunshine.

XXII.

DAY glimmered; and beyond the precipice,
(Which my mule followed as in love with fear,
Or as in scorn, yet more and more inclining
To tempt the danger where it menaced most)
A sea of vapour rolled. Methought we went
Along the utmost edge of this, our world;
But soon the surges fled, and we descried
Nor dimly, tho' the lark was silent yet,
'Thy gulf, LA SPEZZIA. Ere the morning-gun,
Ere the first day-streak we alighted there;

And not a breath, a murmur ! Every sail
Slept in the offing. Yet along the shore
Great was the stir ; as at the noontide hour,
None unemployed. Where from its native rock
A streamlet, clear and full, ran to the sea,
The maidens knelt and sung as they were wont,
Washing their garments. Where it met the tide,
Sparkling and lost, an ancient pinnacle lay
Keel-upward, and the faggot blazed, the tar
Fumed from the cauldron ; while, beyond the fort,
Whither I wandered, step by step led on,
The fishers dragged their net, the fish within
At every heave fluttering and full of life,
At every heave striking their silver fins
'Gainst the dark meshes.

Soon a boatman's shout
Re-echoed; and red bonnets on the beach,
Waving, recalled me. We embarked and left
That noble haven, where, when GENOA reigned,
A hundred gallies sheltered—in the day,
When lofty spirits met, and, deck to deck,
DORIA, PISANI fought; that narrow field
Ample enough for glory. On we went,
Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea,
On from the rising to the setting sun,
In silence—underneath a mountain-ridge,
Untamed, untameable, reflecting round
The saddest purple; nothing to be seen
Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
Some village and its church, a scanty line,

Athwart the wave gleamed faintly. Fear of Ill
Narrowed our course, fear of the hurricane,
And that yet greater scourge, the craty Moor,
Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast,
(Where TRIPOLI and TUNIS and ALGIERS
Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
Gather, whene'er the Crescent comes displayed
Over the Cross) his human merchandize
To many a curious, many a cruel eye
Exposes. Ah, how oft where now the sun
Slept on the shore, have ruthless scimitars
Flashed thro' the lattice, and a swarthy crew
Dragged forth, erelong to number them for sale,
Erelong to part them in their agony,

Parent and child ! How oft where now we rode
Over the billow, has a wretched son,
Or yet more wretched sire, grown grey in chains,
Laboured, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
Upon the land—the land, that gave him birth;
And, as he gazed, his homestall thro' his tears
Fondly imagined; when a Christian ship
Of war appearing in her bravery,
A voice in anger cried, 'Use all your strength !'

But when, ah when, do they that can, forbear
To crush the unresisting ? Strange, that men,
Creatures so frail, so soon, alas, to die,
Should have the power, the will to make this world
A dismal prison-house, and life itself,

Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
To him who never wronged them? Who that breathes
Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
As from a tale monstrous, incredible?
Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or, if we linger—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and love,
And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
Than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

At length the day departed, and the moon
Rose like another sun, illumining

Waters and woods and cloud-capt promontories,
Glades for a hermit's cell, a lady's bower,
Scenes of Elysium, such as Night alone
Reveals below, nor often—scenes that fled
As at the waving of a wizard's wand,
And left behind them, as their parting gift,
A thousand nameless odours. All was still;
And now the nightingale her song poured forth
In such a torrent of heart-felt delight,
So fast it flowed, her tongue so voluble,
As if she thought her hearers would be gone
Ere half was told. 'Twas where in the north-west,
Still unassailed and unassailable,
Thy pharos, GENOA, first displayed itself,

Burning in stillness on its craggy seat ;
That guiding star so oft the only one,
When those now glowing in the azure vault,
Are dark and silent. 'Twas where o'er the sea,
For we were now within a cable's length,
Delicious gardens hung ; green galleries,
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy-arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting ; and, above them all,
A Palace, such as somewhere in the East,
In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sun,
Rose, when ALADDIN rubbed the wondrous lamp ;

Such, if not fairer; and, when we shot by,
A scene of revelry, in long array
The windows blazing. But we now approached
A City far-renowned; * and wonder ceased.

* Genoa.

XXIII.

THIS house was ANDREA DORIA'S. Here he lived;
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro
As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better; and 'tis now

A house of trade, the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in GENOA!
And hadst thou, ANDREA, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee, that which says aloud,
It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.

'Tis in the heart of GENOA (he who comes,
Must come on foot) and in a place of stir;
Men on their daily business, early and late,
Thronging thy very threshold. But when there,
Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,
Thy children, for they hailed thee as their sire;

And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,
Calling them round, thou gav'st them more than life,
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.
There thou didst do indeed an act divine;
Nor couldst thou leave thy door or enter in,
Without a blessing on thee.

Thou art now

Again among them. Thy brave mariners,
They who had fought so often by thy side,
Staining the mountain-billows, bore thee back;
And thou art sleeping in thy funeral-chamber.

Thine was a glorious course; but couldst thou there,
Clad in thy cere-cloth—in that silent vault,
Where thou art gathered to thy ancestors—

Open thy secret heart and tell us all,
Then should we hear thee with a sigh confess,
A sigh how heavy, that thy happiest hours
Were passed before these sacred walls were left,
Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected,
And pomp and power drew envy, stirring up
The ambitious man,* that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank.

* Fiesco.

XXIV.*

AND now farewell to ITALY—perhaps
For ever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say,
‘ Farewell for ever !’

Many a courtesy,
That sought no recompense, and met with none
But in the swell of heart with which it came,
Have I experienced; not a cabin-door,
Go where I would, but opened with a smile;
From the first hour, when, in my long descent,

* Written at Susa, May 1, 1822.

Strange perfumes rose, rose as to welcome me,
From flowers that ministered like unseen spirits;
From the first hour, when vintage-songs broke forth,
A grateful earnest, and the Southern lakes,
Dazzlingly bright, unfolded at my feet;
They that receive the cataracts, and erelong
Dismiss them, but how changed—onward to roll
From age to age in silent majesty,
Blessing the nations, and reflecting round
The gladness they inspire.

Gentle or rude,

No scene of life but has contributed
Much to remember—from the POLESINE,
Where, when the south-wind blows, and clouds on clouds
Gather and fall, the peasant freights his bark,

Mindful to migrate when the king of floods *
Visits his humble dwelling, and the keel,
Slowly uplifted over field and fence,
Floats on a world of waters—from that low,
That level region, where no Echo dwells,
Or, if she comes, comes in her saddest plight,
Hoarse, inarticulate—on to where the path
Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe
Is to inhale distemper, if not death;
Where the wild-boar retreats, when hunters chafe,
And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo-herd,
Afflicted, plunge into the stagnant pool,
Nothing discerned amid the water-leaves,
Save here and there the likeness of a head,
Savage, uncouth; where none in human shape

* The Po.

Come, save the herdsman, levelling his length
Of lance with many a cry, or, Tartar-like,
Urging his steed along the distant hill
As from a danger. There, but not to rest,
I travelled many a dreary league, nor turned
(Ah then least willing, as who had not been?)
When in the South, against the azure sky,
Three temples rose in soberest majesty,
The wondrous work of some heroic race.*

But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
If once again in England, once again
In my own chimney-nook, as Night steals on,
With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
While the wind blusters and the pelting rain

* The temples of Pæstum.

Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
The scenes, occurrences, I met with here
And wander in Elysium; many a note
Of wildest melody, magician-like,
Awakening, such as the CALABRIAN horn,
Along the mountain-side, when all is still,
Pours forth at folding-time; and many a chant,
Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
From the full choir, when richest harmonies
Break the deep silence of thy glens, LA CAVA;
To him who lingers there with listening ear
Now lost and now descending as from Heaven!



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOTES
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 2, line 6.

when armies met,

The Roman, and the Carthaginian. Such was the animosity, says Livy, that an earthquake, which turned the course of rivers and overthrew cities and mountains, was felt by none of the combatants.
XXII. 5.

P. 2, l. 11.

And by a brook

It has been called from time immemorial, Il Sanguinetto.

P. 9, l. 1.

Such the dominion of thy mighty voice,

An allusion to the CASCATA DELLE MARMORE, a celebrated fall of the VELINO near TERNI.

P. 9. l. 6.

no bush or green or dry,

A sign in our country as old as SHAKSPEARE, and still used in ITALY. ‘Une branche d’arbre, attachée à une maison rustique, nous annonce les moyens de nous rafraîchir. Nous y trouvons du lait et des œufs frais; nous voilà contents. Mem. de Goldoni.

There is, or was very lately, in FLORENCE a small wine-house with this inscription over the door, *Al buon vino non bisogna frasca*. Good wine needs no bush. It was much frequented by SALVATOR ROSA, who drew a portrait of his hostess.

P. 10, l. 10.

A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring

This upper region, a country of dews and dewy lights, as described by VIRGIL and PLINY, and still, I believe, called *La Rosa*, is full of beautiful scenery. Who does not wish to follow the footsteps of CICERO there, to visit the Reatine Tempe and the Seven Waters?

P. 11, l. 8.

a sumpter-mule

Many of these circumstances are introduced into a landscape of ANNIBAL CARRACCI, now in the Louvre.

P. 14, l. 9.

Filling the land with splendour—

Perhaps the most beautiful villa of that day was the VILLA MADAMA. It is now a ruin; but enough remains of the plan and the grotesque-work to justify Vasari's account of it.

The Pastor Fido, if not the Aminta, used to be often represented there; and a theatre, such as is here described, was to be seen in the gardens very lately.

P. 14, l. 14.

Fair forms appeared, murmuring melodious verse,

A fashion for ever reviving in such a climate. In the year 1783, the Nina of Paesiello was performed in a small wood near Caserta.

P. 19, l. 10.

the APPIAN,

The street of the tombs in POMPEII may serve to give us some idea of the Via Appia, that Regina Viarum, in its splendour. It is perhaps the most striking vestige of Antiquity that remains to us.

P. 20, l. 2.

HORACE himself—

And AUGUSTUS in his litter, coming at a still slower

rate. He was borne along by slaves; and the gentle motion allowed him to read, write, and employ himself as in his cabinet. Though Tivoli is only sixteen miles from the City, he was always two nights on the road.

Suetonius.

P. 20, l. 12.

When his voice faltered

At the words 'Tu Marcellus eris.' The story is so beautiful, that every reader must wish it to be true.

P. 21, l. 7.

the centre of their Universe,

From the golden pillar in the Forum the ways ran to the gates, and from the gates to the extremities of the Empire.

P. 22, l. 9.

To the twelve tables,

The laws of the twelve tables were inscribed on pillars of brass, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the Forum. Dion. Hal.

P. 22, l. 12.

And to the shepherd on the ALBAN mount

Amplitudo tanta est, ut conspiciatur à Latiario Jove. C. Plin. xxxiv. 7.

P. 23, l. 15.

A thousand torches, turning night to day,

An allusion to Cæsar in his Gallic triumph. Adscendit Capitolium ad lumina, &c. Suetonius. According to Dion. Cassius, he went up on his knees.

P. 24, l. 7.

On those so young, well-pleased with all they see,

In the triumph of Æmilius, nothing affected the Roman people like the children of Perseus. Many wept; nor could any thing else attract notice, till they were gone by. Plutarch.

P. 26, l. 11.

and she who said,

Taking the fatal cup between her hands,

The story of the marriage and the poison is well-known to every reader.

P. 34, l. 8.

His last great work;

The Transfiguration; la quale opera, nel vedere il corpo morto, e quella viva, faceva scoppiare l'anima di dolore à ogni uno, che quivi guardava. *Vasari.*

P. 41, l. 1.

Have none appeared as tillers of the ground,
 The Author of the Letters to Julia has written
 admirably on this subject.

All sad, all silent ! O'er the ear
 No sound of cheerful toil is swelling.
 Earth has no quickening spirit here,
 Nature no charm, and Man no dwelling !
 Not less admirably has he described a Roman
 Beauty ; such as 'weaves her spells beyond the Tiber.'
 Methinks the Furies with their snakes,
 Or Venus with her zone might gird her ;
 Of fiend and goddess she partakes,
 And looks at once both Love and Murder.

P. 41, l. 5.

From this Seat,

Mons Albanus, now called Monte Cavo. On the
 summit stood for many centuries the temple of
 Jupiter Latiaris. 'Tuque ex tuo edito monte Latiaris,
 sancte Jupiter,' &c. *Cicero.*

P. 42, l. 11.

Two were so soon to wander and be slain,
 Nisus and Euryalus. La scène des six derniers
 livres de Virgile ne comprend qu'une lieue de terrain.
Bonstetten.

P. 42, l. 15.

How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay
Forty Seven, according to Dionys. Halicar. l. IV.

P. 44, l. 9.

Here is the sacred field of the HORATII.
Horatiorum quæ viret sacer campus. Mart.

P. 44, l. 10.

There are the QUINTIAN meadows.
Quæ prata Quintia vocantur. Livy.

P. 50, l. 2.

Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,

Music; and from the loftiest strain to the lowliest, from a Miserere in the Holy Week to the shepherd's humble offering in Advent; the last, if we may judge from its effects, not the least subduing, perhaps the most so.

Once, as we were approaching Frescati in the sunshine of a cloudless December-morning, we observed a rustic group by the road-side, before an image of the Virgin, that claimed the devotions of the passenger from a niche in a vineyard-wall. Two young men from the mountains of the Abruzzi, in

their long brown cloaks, were playing a Christmas-carol. Their instruments were a hautboy and a bagpipe; and the air, wild and simple as it was, was such as she might accept with pleasure. The ingenuous and smiling countenances of these rude minstrels, who seemed so sure that she heard them, and the unaffected delight of their little audience, all younger than themselves, all standing uncovered and moving their lips in prayer, would have arrested the most careless traveller.

P. 50, l. 3.

*And architectural pomp, such as none else;
And dazzling light, and darkness visible!*

Whoever has entered the Church of St. Peter's or the Pauline chapel, during the Exposition of the Holy Sacrament there, will not soon forget the blaze of the altar, or the dark circle of worshippers kneeling in silence before it.

P. 50, l. 7.

Ere they came,

An allusion to the Prophecies concerning ANTI-CHRIST. See the Interpretations of Mede, Newton, Clarké, &c.; not to mention those of Dante and Petrarch.

P. 54, l. 14.

*And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,*

There was said to be in the choir, among others
of the Sisterhood, a daughter of Cimarosa.

P. 56, l. 5.

'Twas in her utmost need; nor, while she lives,

Her back was at that time turned to the people;
but in his countenance might be read all that was
passing. The Cardinal, who officiated, was a vene-
rable old man, evidently unused to the ceremony and
much affected by it.

P. 58, l. 3.

The black pall, the requiem.

Among other ceremonies a pall was thrown over
her, and a requiem sung.

P. 59, l. 4.

Unsheaths his wings

He is of the beetle-tribe.

P. 59, l. 6.

Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,

For, in that upper clime, effulgence comes
Of gladness.

Cary's Dante.

P. 60, l. 4.

Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon;

There is a song to the lucciola in every dialect of Italy; as for instance in the Genoese.

Cabela, vegni a baso;

Ti dajo un cuge de lette.

The Roman is in a higher strain.

Bella regina, &c.

P. 60, l. 5

And the young nymph, preparing for the dance

Io piglio, quando il dì giunge al confine,

Le lucciole ne' prati ampj ridotte,

E, come gemme, le comparto al crine;

Poi fra l'ombre da' rai vivi interrotte

Mi presento ai Pastori, e ognun mi dice:

Clori ha le stelle al crin come ha la Notte.

Varano.

P. 60, l. 14.

Those trees, religious once and always green,

Pliny mentions an extraordinary instance of longevity in the ilex. 'There is one,' says he, 'in the Vatican, older than the City itself. An Etruscan inscription in letters of brass attests that even in those days the tree was held sacred:' and it is remarkable

that there is at this time on the Vatican mount an ilex of great antiquity. It is in a grove just above the palace-garden.

P. 61, l. 4.

(So some aver, and who would not believe?)

I did not tell you that just below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

Præcept Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Gray's Letters.

P. 74, l. 3.

Like one awaking in a distant time.

The place here described is near Mola di Gaëta in the kingdom of Naples.

P. 76, l. 6.

When they that robbed, were men of better faith

Alluding to Alfonso Piccolomini. Stupiva ciascuno che, mentre un bandito osservava rigorosamente la sua parola, il Papa non avesse ribrezzo di mancare alla propria. Galluzzi. II. 364.

He was hanged at Florence, March 16, 1591.

P. 77, l. 9.

When along the shore,

Tasso was returning from Naples to Rome, and had arrived at Mola di Gaëta, when he received this tribute of respect. The captain of the troop was Marco di Sciarra. See Manso. Vita del Tasso. Ariosto had a similar adventure with Filippo Pachione. See Baruffaldi.

P. 78, l. 8.

As by a spell they start up in array,

Cette race de bandits a ses racines dans la population même du pays. La police ne sait ou les trouver.

Lettres de Chateaubieux.

P. 85, l. 1.

Three days they lay in ambush at my gate,

This story was written in the year 1820, and is founded on the many narratives which at that time were circulating in Rome and Naples.

P. 102, l. 8.

And in the track of him who went to die,

The Elder Pliny. See the letter in which his Nephew relates to Tacitus the circumstances of his death.

P. 126, l. 4.

The fishing-town, AMALFI.

Amalfi fell after three hundred years of prosperity ; but the poverty of one thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants. Gibbon.

P. 127, l. 11.

*A Hospitul, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west ;*

It was dedicated to Saint John.

P. 128, l. 11.

relics of ancient GREECE,

Among other things the Pandects of Justinian were found there in 1137. By the Pisans they were taken from Amalfi, by the Florentines from Pisa ; and they are now preserved with religious care in the Laurentian Library.

P. 128, l. 13.

Grain from the golden vales of SICILY,

There is at this day in Syracuse a street called La Strada degli Amalfitani.

P. 129, l. 11.

*Not thus did they return,
The tyrant slain;*

It was in the year 839. See Muratori. Art. Chronici Amalphitani Fragmenta.

P. 130, l. 9.

Serve for their monument !

By degrees, says Giannone, they made themselves famous through the world. The Tarini Amalfitani were a coin familiar to all nations; and their maritime code regulated every where the commerce of the sea. Many churches in the East were by them built and endowed; by them was first founded in Palestine that most renowned military Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and who does not know that the Mariner's compass was invented by a citizen of Amalfi ?

P. 134, l. 1.

The air is sweet with violets, running wild

The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

P. 134, l. 4.

Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,

The introduction to his treatise on Glory. Cic. ad Att. xvi. 6. For an account of the loss of that treatise, see Petrarch, Epist. Rer. Senilium. xv. i. and Bayle, Dict. in Alcyonius.

P. 137, l. 4.

and POSIDONIA rose,

Originally a Greek City under that name, and afterwards a Roman City under the name of Pæstum. See Mitford's Hist. of Greece, chap. x. sect. 2. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

P. 140, l. 1.

'What hangs behind that curtain?'

This story, if a story it can be called, is fictitious; and I have done little more than give it as I received it. It has already appeared in prose; but with many alterations and additional circumstances.

The abbey of Monte Cassino is the most ancient and venerable house of the Benedictine Order. It is situated within fifteen leagues of Naples on the inland-road to Rome; and no house is more hospitable.

P. 140, l. 8.

For life is surely there and visible change,

There are many miraculous pictures in Italy; but none, I believe, were ever before described as malignant in their influence.

P. 146, l. 15.

Within a crazed and tattered vehicle,

Then degraded, and belonging to a Vetturino.

P. 147, l. 2.

A shield as splendid as the BARDI wear,

A Florentine family of great antiquity. In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetti we read, that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield and departed, saying, "Paint me my arms in that shield;" and that Giotto, looking after him, exclaimed, 'Who is he? What is he? He says, Paint me my arms, as if he was one of the BARDI! What arms does he bear?'

P. 152, l. 7.

DORIA, PISANI

Paganino Doria, Nicolo Pisani; those great seamen, who balanced for so many years the fortunes of Genoa and Venice.

P. 152, l. 9.

Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea,

The Feluca is a large boat for rowing and sailing,
much used in the Mediterranean.

P. 154, l. 1.

How oft where now we rode

Every reader of Spanish Poetry is acquainted with
that affecting romance of Gongora,

Amarrado al duro banco, &c.

Lord Holland has translated it in his *Life of Lope*
Vega.

P. 159, l. 1.

Here he lived;

The Piazza Doria, or, as it is now called, the Piazza di San Matteo, insignificant as it may be thought, is to me the most interesting place in Genoa. It was there that Doria assembled the people, when he gave them their liberty, (*Sigonii Vita Doriæ*); and on one side of it is the church he lies buried in, on the other a house, originally of very small dimensions, with this inscription: *S. C. Andreae de Auria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum*.

The streets of old Genoa, like those of Venice, were constructed only for foot-passengers.

P. 159, l. 3.

Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse

See his Life by Sigonio.

P. 160, l. 1.

A house of trade,

When I saw it in 1822, a basket-maker lived on the ground-floor, and over him a seller of chocolate.

P. 162, l. 5.

Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected,

Alluding to the Palace which he built afterwards, and in which he twice entertained the Emperor Charles the Fifth. It is the most magnificent edifice on the bay of Genoa.

P. 162, l. 7.

*The ambitious man, that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank.*

Fiesco. See Robertson's History of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

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